

DISCRETION.

The Democrats have a county ticket to frame up this fall. We want to elect our ticket. We feel that by virtue of our platform and the record of our party in Cochise county, we have a solid claim on the people of the county, the taxpayer, the business man, the workingman, and on every good citizen.

We realize that we have a strong normal majority, but, the true Democrat is not a yellow dog partizan. In local politics, if he considers the candidate on his ticket as good as the man on the other ticket, he will naturally and properly vote for his man.

It therefore behooves us to select men above reproach, men fitted for the place to which they aspire, and men who are Democrats without a blemish.

Permit no unworthy nor unsavory person to wiggle his way into the Democratic convention and secure a nomination. We have plenty of good timber, let us make no mistakes. Let us look to integrity, fitness, and all other essential virtues joined to a good clean Democratic record, and our ticket will not lose a man.

The Sad Lesson of Herman.

The recent tragic incident resulting in the death of W. R. Herman constitutes a lesson by which millions may profit.

Whether unaware of the danger of the real situation or a misdirected notion of duty, Herman lost his life, leaving a young family to mourn his demise and miss the sustaining strength of his honest heart and strong right arm through life.

His family could not spare him, the community could ill afford to spare him, and the country will miss men like him; and it is a sore duty we have to let good men like him down into the grave.

The lesson should not be lost and measure of prudence and discretion constantly exercised to not voluntarily invite danger.

If Tombstone is distinguished for anything, it is generosity and neighborly, public spiritedness.

Now if dear old Bisbee cannot find a place for her post-office, where the mingled sand and sea suds run three feet over the second floor, just move your postoffice to Tombstone. We will rent you a cool commodious basement, where the heat and water penetrate. We can take care of your records. A place where it will not be necessary to dig through 20 feet of "dark sandy loam" for pigeon holes, blanks forms, foreign money orders, cash, stamps, and a thousand other species of paraphernalia which Uncle Sam has supplied and God has buried.

The McKenna orange grove has been sold to H. A. Severinghaus for \$20,000. The grove is located near Phoenix and is one of the finest this side of California.

From Friday's Daily.

Mrs. Brown and daughter returned from New York today.

Mrs. P. B. Warneke left for Los Angeles yesterday.

Mrs. Baglin of Douglas is in the city as the guest of Mrs. A. A. Hopkins.

There will be a dance at Gage Hall this evening gotten up by the lovers of the dizzy whirl about town and a rollicking good time, as usual, is expected.

One case was filed in the district court today, being that of Pearce Market vs. Bales L. McKinney in an action for debt. O. Gibson is attorney for plaintiff.

James Riley, the accomplished mixer at the Wentworth bar and billiard hall, is contemplating a run to his old "stomping ground" in Shasta county, California.

Mr. Keaton and bride were the objects of a regulation charivari last evening, about the time they thought they would get away without that lively detail. They go to Mr. Keaton's ranch near Patagonia tomorrow.

There were two joy tags applied for and received today in the office of the probate judge: C. A. Barrett, 41 years of age, to wed Teresa Siquerra, 28, both of Lowell; Cornett Tyson Stark, aged 34, to wed Edna M. Fike, 24, both of Naco.

Another neat, well behaved rain called on Tombstone yesterday, paid its compliments and passed away to the west. It did not come in without knocking, tumble the furniture over, fill the room with silt and tear up the carpets, but just watered each flower bed, garden, lawn and ranch, and retired like a gentlemanly little rain.

It was with pleasure that we have read a letter from Barney Andriano, to his partner Frank Pavla, in which the agreeable news is communicated that Mr. Andriano is rapidly recovering from the trouble which has recently had with his eyes. Mr. Andriano recently went to Phoenix on the advice of consulting physicians in Tombstone and placed himself under the care and treatment of Dr. Anil Martin, the distinguished eye specialist, with the above happy result. We hope to see Mr. Andriano in our midst again in the near future, fully recovered and ready to resume his sphere of usefulness in the city of Tombstone.

NEW CEMETERY FENCE

Will be Erected Around the Tombstone Burial Grounds

The cemetery committee of Tombstone has brought the proposition of a neat cemetery fence to the notice of the public. The fence will cost about \$2,000. The county has about 610 graves to look after, and will stand for 600 feet of the fence, and the clerk of the board of supervisors has advertised for bids to build the same, which notice appears in another column. The remaining work will be assumed by the city, by benevolent societies and by private subscription. The specifications call for an iron fence which will be quite imposing.

PAYMENT IS MADE

On the Mayflower Mine Situated In the Dragoon Mining District

A payment of \$5,000 was made this month on the Mayflower mine, between Dragoon station and Mayflower camp.

Two thirds—\$3,333.33—went to Mr. and Mrs. George Scheerer of Benson, and the other third was received by Louis Ezekiel of Tucson.

The final payment, the heaviest of all, will be made next January.

AN ARIZONA HORSE

Makes World's Record On Eastern Track—Time: 2:10 1-4

The world's record for three-year-olds was broken last Tuesday in Springfield, Ill., by Justo, a pet colt of Mrs. J. C. Adams of Phoenix, in 2:10. He went the next best in 2:11, which was also below the record. A few days previously he broke the world's record for his class at Pekin, Ill.

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CHANGED HIS MIND

And Instead of Taking Plunge into Eternity Is Sawing Wood.

He came into Dr. Flach's popular pharmacy on Allen street. He looked wild, desperate, despondent. He looked about him a moment, spat dejectedly at a crippled blue tailed fly on the floor, heaved a sigh as big as a Bisbee cloudburst, and remarked:

"Gimme some arsenic please."

"What do you want with it," inquired the pharmacist.

"Why, I am going to end it all right here, I am; I have had enough of this. I have; gimme a good big dose, I want to make sure work of it."

"Have you engaged your undertaker?" inquired the man of pills.

"Never mind foolin' now, I mean business," said the man bent on suicide.

The druggist suggested that cyanide of potassium would be quicker, carbolic acid more fashionable and morphine pleasanter, and told him he could have his choice, if he paid for it and got out into the shed before he took it; but he would not be jolled out of the notion, so Doc said:

"All right, I'll fix you out, it only requires fifty cents to ferry you over the Styx here."

"That's all right," replied the desperate man, I only have two dollars left. I won't need it an hour from now. You had just as well take it," and he heaped down the two big wheels, "I'll show ye I ain't bluffin'."

So Doc mixed up a little sugar and soda and handed it to him, bade him a kindly goodbye, with, "I hope you will have a pleasant trip," when the ugly man remarked, "Do you really mean it, do you intend to give me poison?"

"You bet your life," replied Doc, "that is what you called for, that is what you paid for, that is what you got; good morning."

And the man with heavenly aspirations strode to the door, stealthily slid the deadly combination door of the back of one of those six-inch pipes which are used for corner fenders on Allen and Fourth street, went across the alley, and got a job sawing wood for his dinner.

Doc says he intends to invest that \$2 in the Juarez lottery, they must be lucky.

ANOTHER WEDDING

Is Culminated In Tombstone—Cananea Couple Joined In Marriage

Mr. R. N. Katon and Miss Fay Crouch came over from Cananea yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Katon returned to Cananea today.

These worthy young people had hatched up a genuine love affair of long standing in Cananea, and came across the line to close the union. Assistant Clerk Cabell, of the board of supervisors, happened to be acquainted with the yearning pair. The day was growing old, but Mr. Cabell rustled the clerk of the probate court, obtained the "joy tag," also hustled out Judge McFarland, and the details were promptly and expeditiously disposed of.

Mr. Katon has a beautiful ranch near Patagonia, where the happy couple will reside, after he has rounded up his work in Cananea.

Incidentally Mr. Katon states that Cananea is opening up nicely and it would seem that in the very near future they would have as many men at work as ever.

DOINGS AT LEADVILLE

And the Great Western Mining Camps—Many Men Being Employed

Sam Watts is just back from Leadville. Sam is authority for the statement that there are over a hundred men at work in and near Leadville, that the boarding, bunk houses and general accommodations are clean and first-class for a new mining camp.

The Leadville is working in two shafts, and have a compressor of several drill capacity.

The Great Western is working steadily in two different shafts.

It would seem that considerable activity exists in that district and sound mining is in progress.

THE CORONER'S JURY

At Wilcox Exonerates Ranger Wm. Speed From All Blame

Word comes from Wilcox today that the coroner's inquest in the matter of the killing of Billy Downing by Ranger Speed, exonerated the ranger from all criminal responsibility in the premises.

YAQUIS KILL THIRTEEN

Mexicans and Drive Families From Their Homes Into the Mountains

According to a letter received by W. M. Gillette, of the Rice station Indian school, at the San Carlos reservation in Arizona, from A. D. McPhie, superintendent of the Promontorio mine about 40 miles from Moctezuma in Sonora, and well known in Cochise county, tells of the massacre of 13 Mexicans and states that the Yaquis have been bad of late throughout that region and that all the Mexicans on the ranches for miles around have deserted their homes and come in to the mine to stand together on the defensive against the redskins in case of an attack there, leaving their unprotected ranch homes to be pillaged and their stock to be driven off by the Indians.

The thirteen victims were shot with rifles, cut down with knives or brained with clubs; pay method that came handiest to the bloodthirsty Indians making the attack.

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From Thursday's Daily.

Al Stumph, our old townman, who recently embarked in the insurance business in Bisbee, with eminent success, was in Tombstone last evening.

Miss Leila Odenmyer, of Head of Island, Louisiana, arrived this morning on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Benner. The accomplished young lady is welcomed to Tombstone society, and the wish is extended that she may form a nice opinion of dear old Tombstone and its charming people.

Fred Bennett came up from Fairbanks yesterday to see how Mrs. B. and the new prize baby were getting along. He found them both doing finely, something that can always be expected in the sweet salubrious atmosphere of Tombstone.

Ed Martin, mining expert, engineer, etc., is in from the Huachuca these moist days.

John Hatley, pioneer Tombstoner, has taken charge of the Calumet logging house, which he has completely renovated, overhauled and refurnished, and proposes to accommodate the sleep loving public of Tombstone as well as the transient lumber secker in first class approved form.

Better use cotton clothes lines these days when the lightning is so promiscuous about spilling itself over town.

Mr. Shumway, of Phoenix, who noticed that his young chickens were disappearing rapidly, hid himself in the barn the other day to watch for the hawk which he believed to be robbing the henroost. Instead of a hawk he discovered a big toad, which attacked, killed and ate three chickens right before his eyes. The toad weighed five and one-half pounds.

Word has been received of the birth of a bright boy baby at the home of Deputy Sheriff and Mrs. E. P. Ellis at Naco on July 29.

The Arizona coroner (cantaloupe) is about a thing of the past for this season and the lover of that delectable fruit had better get his work in while he can.

The only case filed in the district court yesterday was that of Christina Parque vs. Emilio Parque. It seems the Parque lay out trudged along a cactus enlivened trail instead of the rose bespangled path we read about, so Judge Bartlett of Douglas will undertake to cut the cords that bind the fair bride of a few months to one she once looked upon as the sublime quintessence of masculine nobility.

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WAS IT VISIONARY

OR WAS IT REAL?

It happened this way: A Tombstoner dreamed that he was in jail in the basement of the court house, and the court house was in Bisbee, a stately pile of masonry on the imposing dome of which a blind plaster of paris goddess was weighing all controversies with a pair of sugar scales, the while she held a corn stalk sword in the other hand with which to mow any damned fool off at the waist who dared to question the veracity of "them scales."

And pretty soon the thunder began to roll, and the floodgates of heaven opened wide and the deluge descended. And it came down Chihuahuahill over beyond Brewery gulch, and it came down School hill, over against Tombstone canyon. And it struck main street, and the flood gate and the subway did not amount to a Republican campaign for delegate to congress in Arizona.

And the court house stood where you would have to grade away to get room for a bee gum, and the water struck the railroad and the depot and began to back up on the court house, and as he stood glaring through the grates with knotted fingers, almost pinching those grates asunder, lo, the drift tide swept along, covered with everything from a clothes basket to a ware house, and he shuddered for his own fate. Occasionally a library, a gymnasium, a postoffice or a livery stable would go sailing by, while the water was full of cod fish and salmon and rock cod, recently imported from California or the land of baked beans and "cuchav," you know. And then it began to pour into the basement of the new two hundred and fifty thousand dollar court house, which the taxpayers had put built, and the bique goddess on the dome let a little "typ" and the sword fell from her margin hand, but she held onto the pulp scales. Now the flood waters reach the gilded court room just as his honor sailed away on a raft composed of the railings which enclose the bar, leaving his judicial robes in his chambers.

And now it creeps through the bars, and 97 prisoners are in water up to their knees, and their curses have turned to prayers as they are prepared to die like rats in a trap and the great building sways and shudders and topples, and the shrieking goddess with a yell that awoke half the population of the Lowell cemetery, two miles away, tore the towel from her beautiful eyes and plunged into the mighty maelstrom, and the Tombstoner awoke, and no wonder he looked wild as he stared about him.

Then we wonder just about how far off this dream would be from the reality had the court house been in Bisbee yesterday.

And we remember the mortality of prisoners in Bisbee from pneumonia, typhoid and a hundred other contagions, and we remember that never has a death occurred in the jail at Tombstone due to bad climatic or sanitary conditions, and, well, the same old court house, in the same old place, must look good to the taxpayer of Cochise county this morning.

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